

Paris Letter.

PARIS, OCT. 10, 1896.

The Count is still about, being badly employed in bringing to an untimely end the abundant use of the words of Compiègne. Rumors of a troubled state of the Emperor's brain are as the ever; and it is difficult to believe them entirely devoid of foundation. But the stories about which would indicate a state of mental derangement bordering on insanity, are no doubt very exaggerated.

The secret agitation among the masses still continues. Two hundred arrests were made here on one day last week; but the journals are compelled to be silent on these facts, which only too clearly are passing from month to month.

The Italian patriots, urging them to keep up their courage and perseverance in their efforts, promising them the aid of France, and signed "The Committee of the Italian Patriots" in Paris, are making a call upon the working population of this city to be ready, at the first outbreak, to overcome the existing order of things.

The country, however, is profoundly weary of the violent changes of policy through which it has passed, and it would seem, to bring about a permanent reaction in the form of a reaction before; and though the preparatory frictions are to have commenced, it will be somewhat yet, in all probability, before the outbreak occurs. The utter want of union among the various classes of the people, the lack of municipal centers around which to rally, the equal lack of a common religion, all combine to prevent the formation of a united front.

The Frenchman, however, is not without his noble qualities, and his sense of honor is not less keen than that of any other nation. He is not without his noble qualities, and his sense of honor is not less keen than that of any other nation. He is not without his noble qualities, and his sense of honor is not less keen than that of any other nation.

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Life in California.

MARTINISBURG, VA., Nov. 9th, 1896.

Editors:—In the number of the Post for November 8th, I saw a letter from T. C. M., of Angel's Camp, California, County, California, stating that his heart was made up on account of using a young man of intelligence and energy to bring about a change in the state of California. I am glad to hear that you are so interested in the progress of the state, and I am sure that you will find many who are of the same opinion.

The difficulty with you seemed to be that they had to put forth the energy and intelligence they possessed. This they did not like, and wanted to be back to their fathers' where their energies and intelligence would be put to use in a more profitable way.

When I expect that I would work, and was not disappointed. I expected to find money with me, and I did find it. I also found a few dollars in my pocket, and I was very much surprised to find that I had not lost them.

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The Mormon Women.

BRIGHAM TOWN, Nov. 10th, 1896.

We find the following report of a late session of Brigham Young's, in the Desert News. Our readers, therefore, may trust it as authentic.

"My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not been a happy day since I took my second wife. I am not a happy day for a year, says one; and another has not been a happy day for five years. It is said that women are tied down and that they are not free to do as they please. They are not free to do as they please, but they are not free to do as they please.

"I wish my own women to understand that what I am going to say is for their benefit, and for the benefit of the church. I am not saying this to hurt any woman, but to help them to understand their position in the church. I am not saying this to hurt any woman, but to help them to understand their position in the church.

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The Presidential Election.

WE give below the vote cast in each State for President, as announced.

State	McKinley	Bryan	Other
Alabama	10,115	1,115	1,115
Arizona	1,115	1,115	1,115
Arkansas	1,115	1,115	1,115
California	1,115	1,115	1,115
Colorado	1,115	1,115	1,115
Connecticut	1,115	1,115	1,115
Delaware	1,115	1,115	1,115
District of Columbia	1,115	1,115	1,115
Florida	1,115	1,115	1,115
Georgia	1,115	1,115	1,115
Idaho	1,115	1,115	1,115
Illinois	1,115	1,115	1,115
Indiana	1,115	1,115	1,115
Iowa	1,115	1,115	1,115
Kansas	1,115	1,115	1,115
Kentucky	1,115	1,115	1,115
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Maryland	1,115	1,115	1,115
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Nevada	1,115	1,115	1,115
New Hampshire	1,115	1,115	1,115
New Jersey	1,115	1,115	1,115
New Mexico	1,115	1,115	1,115
New York	1,115	1,115	1,115
North Carolina	1,115	1,115	1,115
North Dakota	1,115	1,115	1,115
Ohio	1,115	1,115	1,115
Oklahoma	1,115	1,115	1,115
Oregon	1,115	1,115	1,115
Pennsylvania	1,115	1,115	1,115
Rhode Island	1,115	1,115	1,115
South Carolina	1,115	1,115	1,115
South Dakota	1,115	1,115	1,115
Tennessee	1,115	1,115	1,115
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Political News.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

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The story is still current in the neighborhood of the spot where the Chateau Beauvoisin once stood, though the affair happened as long ago as 1790.

The Chateau Beauvoisin was situated about a league and a quarter, or nearly four miles, from Paris, a little apart from the St. Germain high road. At that time, the house was kept in excellent repair, was always used as a residence all the year round, saving for a month or two in the summer and autumn time; and its extensive gardens and grounds were laid out with unapproachable taste, and kept in first-rate order.

The Marchioness de Beauvoisin, though still young, handsome and rich, had been three years a widow, and was much given to romantic habits—military wanderings and musings about her estate, long evening vigils at her bedroom window, and other similar demonstrations. As it happened, it was the marchioness herself who beheld the specter in the first instance.

It was a beautiful evening in that pleasant time of the year when spring is fast melting into summer; sweet light dews were falling, the moon and stars were shining, and the marchioness was at her window, surveying with pensive pleasure the long heavy masses of ancient foliage that gave beauty and dignity to her domain, and now all shivered and etherealized by moonlight and mist. Suddenly she was startled by a certain thing moving with prodigious velocity up a certain hill which skirted one side of the grounds of the chateau, and conducted from the Paris highway into the rural region. Away, and away, and away—all up the lane she could perceive a large animal rushing with fearful speed; and yet, though she was certain her eyesight did not deceive her, she could not hear the slightest sound. Rattling her eyes, she saw, beyond question, that the object of her alarm was a large black horse. There was a saddle on its back, but no rider!—and though the ground was hard and dry, and the night quite still, not the slightest sound or echo could be caught of its hoof-falls.

The marchioness cried out in terror, and her maid, on coming to her side, found her to be in a state of violent nervous agitation. The hand some young widow was indeed in an ecstasy of wonder and alarm. She dispatched Antoine, the footman, and the rest of her male servants, in all directions, to make inquiries as to what accident had happened to account for the horse being running away without rider, and without bridle. The people went forth—north, south, east, and west, but without result. No one had heard of any accident in any quarter, and no one had seen the horse without a rider. It was late in the evening, indeed, and the country people were mostly in their houses preparing for bed; and as for passing travellers, very few traversed the highway at night in those times, save in numerous parties. In fact, every one believed that the marchioness must have fallen asleep at her window, and dreamed all this of the horse without a rider. The marchioness, however, had not been asleep, nor had she been dreaming. She crossed herself with a pious shrug, and half feared she had beheld the Evil One in the form of a black horse.

For a day or two, the marchioness's "dream" was the joke of the men and maids, both the indoor and outdoor menials of her lordship; but very soon her strange narrative received confirmation. Antoine, the footman, or keeper—Antoine himself, the most faithful of the domestics, was the next who beheld the apparition. Only a few days later, he was coming down the avenue de la main towards the chateau, at about half past five in the evening, when he beheld the large black horse approaching him at a terrific pace. His long wild mane was tossing and flying in the air, and Antoine fancied its eyes were shining with a supernatural fire. The brute was over its neck, and the saddle on its back, but no rider! And what was most strange, there was a peculiar gleam about the horse, as if he were a creature of another world, and not of this. Antoine, in fact, not making more noise than those of a ghost. Surely, after all, the marchioness had not been dreaming. They who had discredited her had been the fools.

The next morning, Antoine, with superstitious terror at the phenomenon. Though almost frightened out of his wits, he still looked after the flying horse, expecting every minute to see the creature leap into its stable in Hades, amidst fire and smoke. But the creature went straight on up the avenue, neither turning to the right nor the left, neither rising into the air nor descending into the bowels of the earth. At last Antoine looked after, and beheld it as long as he could see even the waving of its ample tail.

After this, there was nothing talked of at the Chateau Beauvoisin but the phantom horse; and while the excitement was still raging in the minds of the few natives of that household and her several retainers, Antoine made a special journey of inquiry into the matter, proceeding straight up the village at the end of it, and calling upon all his acquaintances and gossipers there. But the whole affair was quite new to them; they had never seen or heard anything about this horse; nor had any one heard of an accident taking place, such as would account for a horse being without rider. As for the matter of the creature running without making any noise, all Antoine's friends scratched their heads again, and thought that rather too good not to be considered as a joke. Antoine had many a wrestling argument with them on the subject; and as argument is rather dry work, many a cup of wine was drunk while the subject was being discussed. To the latter circumstance must be ascribed the fact, that Antoine did not get out upon his return until the evening was somewhat advanced, notwithstanding that his route lay down the haunted avenue, unless he was disposed to make a circuit of several villages. The wine, while it had tempted him to prolong his stay, had also imparted to him some measure of a hazy, effervescent bravery. His humor arose from his crossness with a laugh and a jest, and to all their remarks and jokes about the phantom horse and the phantom horse, he declared that he should be only too glad if he could meet the Evil One himself, for perhaps his dark anxiety would be laid enough to explain to him the mystery of the whole affair.

No Antoine set out on his homeward walk. It was growing dark, but the wine was pumping forth, and it was the tone of the new moon, and prompted to be as evening at least light enough for one to walk home in comfort. The people were all sleeping within their houses. As he passed along the struggling village street, many a pair of eyes were closed, and many a street light gleamed dimly through the darkness. Antoine was just thinking that it was a very thing to be out late by one's self, and to wish that the chateau were not so far away, and as he crossed and the town of Paris was just behind him, he began to look

back on the road which he had just traversed, and to think of the avenue where the specter apparition had been beheld by both himself and his mistress. With every step that brought him nearer to the spot, he grew more and more convinced that he would be in a state not far from downright trepidation.

Antoine crossed himself many times that night. When one's nerves become excited, it is astonishing how much may be found to affright in the common sights and sounds. The creaking of a branch in the wind, the sighing and murmuring of the air amidst the leaves, and a new significance in twilight hours, and when heard by ears prepared for alarm.

Thus honest Antoine was in such a state by the time he found himself at the top of the dreaded avenue, that he walked as if he were a ghost. He moved cautiously in his shoes, as if he were afraid of stepping on the heads of his enemies, and he kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as if he were afraid of the specter appearing before him. A dark, dismal-looking house, surrounded on three sides by ancient, sombre trees—some of the country-people of the Du Fovert family, very little used as a residence for many years past—stood by the side of the road a little way down. Antoine passed the gloomy mansion in perfect dread, and was just about to turn back, when he saw a light gleam from the deep shadows of its surrounding trees, when suddenly he saw before him something advancing up the avenue, with a wild, swinging action, which he but too well remembered. It was the phantom horse! Antoine rushed aside, and stood quaking beneath the trees. The creature came on, bounding, leaping, bounding, every stride, noise and tail flying, bridle and stirrups swinging; no rider on its back, no reins from its mouth. It was gone, past and away, in an instant. Still with terror, Antoine looked after it, expecting every moment to behold some terrible demon; but what was his astonishment when he saw it stop right in front of the old house of the Count de Fovert, and paw at the great wooden gate of the park, uttering at the same time a short, impatient neigh! And when, almost immediately, he beheld one leaf of the gate opened from within, as if in obedience to the summons of the diabolical horse, which thereupon tossed its head and walked in, as proud and confident as a lord entering his own castle!

The devil has taken apartments in the Chateau Beauvoisin! exclaimed Antoine. "No wonder the family have not been able to live there all these years past; this accounts for it. This is the secret of the unlucky old house!"

When Antoine reached home that night, he was in such a state as to awaken the lively sympathy of his own domestics, from the coachman to the scullion, and when, after the admission of various statements, he related what he had seen, the whole household became suddenly oppressed with the sense of surrounding mystery, and believed unhesitatingly that the world was full of ghosts, spirits, exorcisers, and exorcises of the Evil One.

In the morning, the marchioness heard the story from the lips of her own waiting-maid, and was immediately seized with an intense curiosity to know who lived in the Chateau Beauvoisin, and what was the meaning of it all; and, moreover, the marchioness, like a resolute young widow, fully believed that nothing in the world could prevent her getting to the bottom of it.

Almost immediately after breakfast she ordered her carriage, and taking with her the coachman, a footman, and Antoine, was driven to the Chateau Beauvoisin.

The gates were opened by a groom, who, in answer to an inquiry as to who was living in the house at present, answered:

"No sir; but Monsieur the Count steps at the place occasionally, and, as it happens, is here now."

"Oh!" exclaimed the marchioness, "I was not sure. Monsieur the Count did not neighborhood so much home. Tell your master I beg to speak with him a moment on a subject which has given me much anxiety."

The words were hardly uttered, when a very elegantly dressed gentleman was observed emerging from one of the shaded walks, and with great modesty turned towards the chateau. He was a personage of a distinguished and elegant presence, and apparently about twenty-five or thirty years of age. His face was handsome; but in its already sunken cheeks and peculiar pallor, exhibited the ravages of a life of dissipation. Seeing a carriage with his attendant, and a very charming lady in his side coach, he was somewhat startled.

"I am Monsieur de Combe," said the groom, and, turning to his master, he exclaimed: "The name having been communicated to him by the footman—Monsieur de Combe de Beauvoisin desires to speak with monsieur."

"Yes, monsieur," said the lively marchioness, inclining her head as the count bowed low before her. "I have come expressly to ask some important questions."

"I shall be only too happy to answer any question monsieur may do me the honor to ask," said the count, politely opening the door of the carriage, and leading the marchioness out. "Pray, step into my poor house. It is not well appointed, for we seldom come here now—days, but, at any rate, we may find a chair for you to sit upon."

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	Washboard base	\$6—
	Frontal base	\$8—

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Q-1	---	---	---
Q-2	---	---	---
Country No 1	---	---	---
Country No 2	---	---	---
South pos No 1	---	---	---

North pos
 Country No 2
 Country No 1
 South pos No 2